

The OBSERVER

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FIRST GROUP

CIVIL AIR PATROL

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.. CADETS TRY ARMY LIFE ..



Commanding Officer Joseph V. Kaufmann

Lieutenant J. V. Kaufmann was born on an island in the middle of the Danube River in Austria on the 4th of February, 1906. His father, who was an officer in the Austrian Army, was transferred two years later to the romantic Austrian Capital, Vienna, to be attached to the War Department.

With this beginning, and his subsequent education in Vienna, Lt. Kaufmann's military background began at an early age.

With the exception of occasional traveling through most of the Balkan counties of Europe, Lt. Kaufmann spent the greatest part of his time in Vienna, until his departure to America in 1921.

After establishing a foothold in the new world, he lost no time in becoming a citizen and settling down to the comparative ease of American existence by forgetting most of the seven languages he spoke when leaving Europe and working at such jobs as designer, sculptor, artist, cowboy, lumberjack, and motion picture actor.

In 1932, he became associated with Col-

(Continued on page 3, column 1)

"War Is Hell," General Sherman said it, and our Cadets who went to Minter Field give it their heartfelt indorsement.

Last month, 23 of our Cadets spent ten days at Minter Field, the big Army base near Bakersfield, for an inside look at what Army Air Force Cadets get in the way of training.

They were told to appear ready to leave at eight o'clock in the morning, but they didn't actually get away until 11 o'clock. Our Cadets were fortunate in getting one of the better busses for the trip, and on the way up they spent most of their time singing our squadron song and in their unbounded enthusiasm spent a great deal of their time learning the general orders. On their arrival at the field, they passed large rows of airplanes and the obstacle course, which our cadet commander Earl Mitchel at least didn't find too difficult to get around. Of course Earl with his six foot something of altitude would most likely be able to step over most of the ditches and other obstructions, but we would like to know how some of the shorter members did on the course.

Their days were pretty tough. On that they all agree. The usual routine was to get out of bed at 6:30 in the middle of the night, and had ten minutes to get dressed and outside to stand reveille. After roll call and all the formalities of reveille they were given a few minutes back in the barracks to wash up and then they were off for mess. The Cadets have apparently found the answer to the ever-present Army potato. In the first place, "mess" obviously means a mess of potatoes. Then too, it is a well-known fact that a popular form of punishment that sergeants indulge in is to condemn a man to several days peeling an inexhaustable supply of the repulsive tubers. The punishment doesn't end with the "dog-faces" who have to do the peeling. Every one who eats must eat potatoes for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Probably the greatest change the cadets' mothers will find in them, is a pronounced dislike for potatoes in any form. After mess, the cadets had a few minutes rest before physical drill, better known as GI torture, to make up their beds and generally police the barracks.

Then they were marched out to the field and their daily ration of muscle tearing exercises.

The next thing every day was a lecture of some sort of a general military nature. During these they were shown motion pictures and slides to help them understand the subjects a little better.

They met the commanding officer of the field and several members of his staff who spoke to them about the Army Air Forces.

One somewhat disappointing part of the trip was that they were not able to get rides in the Army airplanes, but they were taken out on the flight line to watch the students practice take-offs and landings.

Two highlights of the trip for them were the trip to one of the hangars where they saw the big Army ships undergoing repairs. This is where they learned the most about what goes into keeping our fighting planes in the air. The real point of interest was their visit to the Post Exchange which turned out to be a veritable Army department store which had many things that they had not seen for a couple of years.

Another of their unusual experiences was participation in a memorial parade for a couple of the Army cadets who had been killed in a crash during their training at the field.

Everyone felt that the trip was well worth while and it gave them an entirely different idea about the Air Forces Cadet training program, but they do not feel that they will go back for another visit until they can return as Army Cadets.

Those who went on the trip were Lt. GENE MEREDITH as leader from our squadron and cadets EARL MITCHELL, ROY WALLACK, LEE BRILL, RAY FAXON, DICK REITER, AL RIEGER, WILL (WEE WILLIE) PATTERSON, BILL BALDRY, L. SPIVAK, S. WEINER, JEROME KARNO, BOB HOWARD, WILLIS LONGYEAR, ED LUBIN, BOB MCINTIRE, BILL McCLURE, HERMAN GOLDSTEIN, NORMAN FREDKIN, LEWIS GLADSER, BEN LEWIS, ROBERT DAVENPORT, PAUL GOLAND, and ROBERT BOONE.

PAY YOUR DUES

Our Praises ...

Ever since the beginning of Los Angeles Squadron 5, Lt. J. J. DEL VAL has held the brightest spot in the limelight of efficiency.

This month's honors, however, go to our newly appointed Flight Leader, J. S. HESSELDENZ, who despite the fact that he has just been assigned to the office of Operations Officer, has done such an excellent job that nothing was left wanting.

To Mr. HESSELDENZ goes the thanks of the entire Squadron for the efficient and systematic operation of our last assignment of the Army Aircraft. Our newly appointed Flight Leader, BETTY DEWAR, should be commended for her voluntary work at Headquarters. She managed to serve a total of 114 hours last month.

Others whose help was of immense value to the Squadron during the last month were: Our Executive Officer Lt. WALTER E. MAST, our Adjutant and Assistant Adjutant, Lt. A. M. FAGET and Warrant Officer AIMEE DEL VAL respectively, Lt. HARRY RUTCHENS, our Personnel Officer, Sgt. JACKIE MYHAND and Corporal MARJORIE WAHLSTROM.

Lt. C. R. KUTCHERA has done an excellent job with training, but must share a big portion of the success with his new assistants, Sgt. MEL SMITH and PFC GLADYS HERNE.

Flight Officer BRUBAKER manages to live from month to month despite his incessant battle with the OPA and the drivers of the Squadron.

A vote of thanks to GEORGE CRISPIN, LOIS SWEIVEN and the host of others who have given their help so unselfishly.

A special vote of praise goes also to Cadet Technical Sergeant RAY FAXON whose efforts made it possible for us to have our motion pictures and sound equipment.

GEORGIE WHITE has returned from her trip. Have a good time, GEORGIE?

DEANNE PITTMAN, a new cadet from Miami, Florida, has just joined our squadron. Hello, glad to see you DEANNE.

JACKIE MYHAND, formerly JACKIE KINDIG, is still commonly known as "SHINDIG." P.S. She married a sailor.

Does the squadron know we have a new 1st. Lt., G. Turner? Well, we do.

The beginning and end of etiquette:
1800: Good evening, is Mary Lou in?
1944: Honk! Honk!

The current conversation has it that our latest 2nd Lt., namely GENE MEREDITH, had lots of fun at Minter Field. He bought up all the pictures the cadets took of him and his girl friends. Guilty conscience, Lt.?

Mess Sergeant: "Look here, my man, I made pies before you were born.

Rookie: "Okay, Sarge, but why serve them now?"

Tra la we have a new office now. Lt. DEL VAL is the lucky occupant. Lt. "Hutch" occupies the front office.

JEFF FARRER was caught speeding again for the fourth time in two weeks. Where's the fire, bud?

Talk about reversing Army procedure: the CO, WYRICK, is a Warrant Officer, his deputy, GENE MEREDITH, is a 2nd Lt., the 2nd Lt.'s assistant is a 1st. Lt., G. TURNER. Nice going.

Alack, a-lass,
A lack of gas
He who lacks gas
Will lack a Lass

BILL DYER is the new squadron wolf. (He is also CLAY "Late Hours" WILLCOCKSON'S assistant.) P.S. Beware of that darkroom, gals.

PAT DODDS snatched 8 hours of Link trainer time at UCLA.—Smart gal.

The new budding romance of the CAPC is FRANKLIN BAXTER & SHIRLEY WRIGHT.

We hear MEL SMITH likes lima beans, especially if they are still in the bean patch.

We hope that everyone knows GENE HASKELL was our "crew" at Leahman's "Mud Flats." We still missed our old crew very much.

DIANNE REULING, one of our corporals, is leaving the squadron for New York to join the Cadet Nurses. Good luck, DIANNE? We hate to see you leave us.

Credit is due to our newly commissioned JOHNNY HESSELDENZ for his very fine work on operations during the last mission. We wonder if he has yet straightened out "helpful" Halmrast's errors.

When the DEL VAL'S serve dinner it is a real treat. How about it you lucky guests?

CLAY WILLCOCKSON, "THE" editor of this "inkblot" could tell of some very wild parties that carry on till the very wee hours.

This is the column which is meant to give you folks all the dirt and make some of you squirm a little. Anyway here goes.



First Cadet Solos ..

Squadron Five has another first to add to its long list of firsts. Pat Dodds, Assistant flight leader for the cadets, has made the first solo of any cadet after he or she joined the CAPC.

She really went after it in a big way. She took her first dual instruction on Saturday, August 19. By flying as much as four hours that day, two and a half the following day and one and a half hours Monday, she was able to solo after the required minimum of eight hours dual instruction. Her first solo was really for a half hour but to her it seemed like a much shorter time. The excitement of getting the plane in her own hands and not wanting to give it up was the probable reason for the time to appear too short. Immediately after the solo flight she took her cross country flight and got that out of the way.

She believes that the one thing that did her the most good was the ten hours she got in the Link trainer. We would like to know how this Link time helped any of the others who were fortunate enough to get some.

Corp. PEG. HALMRAST was recently caught pouring Coca-Cola into JIM LUNT-ZEL'S pocket. Oh well, it's typical Halmrast doings.

BILL LEAR has hit the road again—no military school if he can help it.

Commander "BUZZ" KAUFMANN is buzzing around nowadays on little red scooter. Cute stuff, eh.

We have it straight from Sgt. DODDS that LEE BRILL'S new nickname is "PEACHES." Could it be that it is her pet name for him.

Joseph V. Kaufmann ..

(Continued from page 1)

onel Lewis Stone's California Dragoons, a mounted unit in which he held membership for 10 years.

He was Commander of the California Aero Squadron and had the pleasure of seeing scores of the members of that organization commissioned in the RCAF, the RAF, and the Air Force.

In 1940, he entered the California Home Defense Force's Officers Candidate School, and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant in the 1st Observation Squadron, Air Corps, CSG. He was appointed 1st Lieutenant in 1942, and assigned to active duty at Manzanar.

Late in 1942, Lt. Kaufmann became an Instructor for the Army Air Corps at Liberty Air Academy at Tucson, Arizona.

On his return from Tucson, he was attached to the 1st Aero Squadron, California State Militia as Executive Officer.

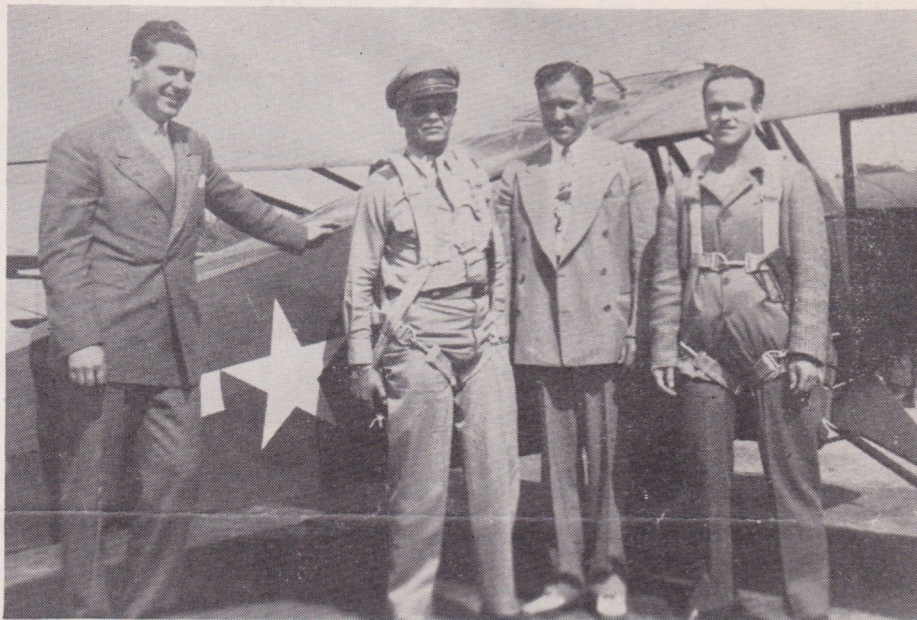
Lt. Kaufmann has been in Command of Los Angeles Squadron 5, of the Civil Air Patrol since its conception. He is married to the charming lady, who seems to do most of the work at Squadron Headquarters. His hobbies are swimming, fencing, horseback riding, and flying. Pet aversion: someone "dumping" cigarette ashes on his desk or office floor. (He doesn't smoke).

At present, Lt. Kaufmann is employed as Chief Instructor for the American Academy of Aeronautics in Hollywood. At this point, may we say off the record, that his classes of instruction in Aeronautics are equally as entertaining and amusing as they are educational. On record again—he holds Pilot's License Number 3127, and has 6 CAA Ground Instructor's Certificates.

Plans for the future: to make L. A. Squadron 5 not only the best squadron in the 1st Group, or the California Wing, but in the entire U.S.A.

Introducing ...

This is the first edition of THE OBSERVER, published by and for the members of Los Angeles Squadron Five. It is the only paper that we know of that is published by an individual squadron. We may make some of you squirm but just remember that it is all in fun and no harm meant. We would also like to ask the members of the squadron to give us some of the lowdown on various people in the squadron and their activities. We of course can't divulge the source of any of our information but we will give it all to our readers. If there are any features you would like to see appear on these pages just let us know what they are and we will do our best to get them for you. If you have any suggestions of any nature regarding this paper just tell any of the editorial staff about it or leave a note in the office for us. We want to please the members and the only way we can do this is to hear from you.



THE HOLLYWOOD JUNIOR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE certainly joined L. A. Squadron Five in force recently. Above we see Paul McClure, Commander Kaufmann, George Beck, Junior Chamber vice-president and Jack Forsythe, the Junior Chamber president about to go on their first ride since joining the squadron.

A Message from the Commander ...

With the launching of this first official Squadron paper, a means of reaching the individual member has been devised which will be of immense value to the morale of Los Angeles Squadron Five.

The importance of the individual cannot be over-emphasized. As the chain is judged only by the strength of its individual link, so is the strength of any organization judged by its individual members.

The beautiful picture of absolute co-operation and coordination between individuals cannot be overlooked. Just imagine what YOU can do by being a good member. If YOU come to meetings regularly wear your uniform properly and do everything as it should be done. We will have a squadron that will be more than the organization to which you will point with pride as a member. The solution is too simple to be a problem; the individual naturally controls the quality of the organization which they so often criticize. Let us ALL put our every effort forth in making this, our squadron, the best in the state and we will have no trouble being completely satisfied.

Now for a bit of a cross-cut of our unit:

At the time of this writing, we boast a total of 180 members (including provisionals); 44 of them are of the fair sex.

56 hold a pilot's certificate; 23 being student pilots, 24 private and 9 commercial pilots. We have 8 flight instructor's ratings in our midst and 8 CAA Ground Instructors, which totals a sum of 38 separate ratings. 5 of our members hold Cali-

fornia State Teacher's credentials. The total SOLO flying hours for the squadron amount to 16,664 hours.

We hail from 36 different states, and also from Alaska, Austria, Canada, England, Sweden, Colombia, Norway and France.

Someone in the organization can talk to you in German, French, Italian, Spanish, Norwegian, Swedish, Serbian, Arabic, Hebrew, Hungarian, Dutch or Rumanian.

Our average man is 31 years of age, weighs 163 pounds and is 5 feet 10 inches tall.

Our average woman is 25 years of age, weighs 119 pounds and is 5 feet 2½ inches tall. (Ed. note—not bad, eh?)

We also have 13 more or less happily married couples in our ranks.

At last Hitler went to Hades. Satan answered his knock and asked him to wait a minute. He returned with a box of matches and a bundle of firewood. He gave both to Hitler and said: "Listen, Adolph, there is a limit to what even I can stand; go start a Hell of your own."

JOE ROBERT is having trouble with his darling car again. He was caught on the evening of Sept. 12 with the top half way down. P.S. He has an adorable wife.

Let's hope that "BUZZ" KAUFMANN and "DEADSTICK" KUTCHERA behave themselves up at Manzanar. Are your wives going, fellas?

CAP at Pan-Pacific Show ...

The Civil Air Patrol exhibit at the Industrial Exposition Show at the Pan Pacific Auditorium last month was quite a success judging from the tremendous number of people who came to see our display and became interested in joining the CAP. We expect quite a few of those people to join us soon if they haven't already done so.

Squadron Five was given the task of dismantling the liason ship we had at the time, and moving it from Culver City Airport to the stadium. Particular praise goes to Peggy Halmrast, Gene Haskell, Norman Fredkin, Bill Baldry, and Dick Reiter who spent a whole day tearing the plane down, moving it and reassembling it for the show. However, our Cpl. Peggy You-Know-Who put the wrench in the works, literally. She was working as "industriously" as usual, but right in the middle of operations she managed to drop the monkey wrench into the "works," and it required almost tearing the ship apart to get it out again. Should she become a surgeon, this writer intends to be a spectacular and healthy person. Imagine having a couple of wrenches, towels, and various other things dropped into you during an operation.

Commander Kaufmann, who is always telling us about the danger of playing with a propeller, is going around with a very red

face these days. When the fuselage of the ship was finally put in place, Lt. Kaufmann delivered a lecture to our ever-present Cpl. Peggy for leaning on the prop. She, of course, wasn't convinced and tried to change the Commander's ideas too, telling him that since the wings and fuel lines were disconnected, there was no danger since there was no gas that could get into the engine. Apparently he was convinced because soon he was leaning on the prop himself. Someone had left the switch on, and at a little nudge, the engine started and Lt. Kaufmann almost lost his whiskers. This would be enough for any ordinary man, but he is no ordinary man. He told Cpl. Peggy to turn the switch on again and they would let it run until the gas was all gone. After several attempts, Lt. Kaufmann thought it was all used up the first time the engine was run. So he gave up and was telling everyone around that unless their insurance was paid up, it was a bad idea to lean on a prop. What happened to him then shouldn't happen to a dog—but it happened to the Commander. The engine started again, and Lt. Kaufmann almost lost his eye lashes this time, and always helpful Cpl. Peggy almost got a solo ride around the inside of the Pan Pacific Auditorium. It just goes to show that by "prop" we mean for an airplane, not your elbow.

Squadron Staff ...

1st Lt. J. V. Kaufmann.....	Commanding Officer
2nd Lt. W. E. Mast.....	Executive Officer
2nd Lt. R. E. Meredith.....	Com. Officer
2nd Lt. C. R. Kutchera.....	Training Officer
2nd Lt. P. M. Browne.....	Intelligence Officer
2nd Lt. L. J. Petritz.....	Medical Officer
2nd Lt. J. J. Del Val.....	Supply Officer
2nd Lt. A. M. Faget.....	Adjutant
2nd Lt. H. J. Hutchens.....	Personnel Officer
W.O.....A. E. Del Val.....	Asst. to Adjutant
2nd Lt. R. B. Lockwood.....	Engineering Officer
2nd Lt. L. B. Brubaker.....	Transp. Officer
W.O.....C. F. Wyrick.....	Cadet Training Officer
W.O.....L. Z. Mudra.....	
	Cadet Personnel Liason Officer
W.O.....J. S. Hesseldenz.....	Operations Officer

Our Flight Leaders ...

<i>Flight "A"</i>	
W.O.....	W. P. Huffman, Leader
Acting W.O.....	A. A. Bradofsky, Asst. Leader
<i>Flight "B"</i>	
W.O.....	J. S. Hesseldenz, Leader
Acting W.O.....	M. W. Smith, Asst. Leader
<i>Flight "C"</i>	
W.O.....	A. E. Del Val, Acting Leader

Culver City airport is commonly known on the airwaves as "Leaman's Mudflats."

It's a hell of a war, isn't it folks?

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